

Resurrection: a LaCroix Monologue
by Kyer

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Summary: The Nightcrawler sends his vampire son an Easter message over the air waves.

Resurrection: a LaCroix Monologue

He's not mine. I have absolutely no control over him.
Nor have I ever been so bored as to foolishly attempt to put a real monologue in his mouth.

Until now.

Comments can be sent to: kyer@prodigy.net

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Resurrection: A LaCroix monologue

by Kyer en Ysh April 2000

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So, my children...

Tommorrow morning is Easter Sunday.

The day, some say, of resurrection.

Resurrection..

What is this need in our psyches that yearns for that--
that needs to be reassured that we will, somehow, live forever?

For do not be deluded, mon ami, you do need it--
the honey-sweet essence in your nostrils that says:
I am here.

I shall continue to be here.

And off you go to pursue it.

Not realizing you already have it.

You would quench the need by doing great deeds?

Make your mark on history, and it will be there for all time.

Well, at least until someone changes the history books.

Or a better, newer, hero comes along.

Witness the changing of everything from stadium to street names
as the whims of the living change.

Fame, it seems, is as hard to win as the Lottery,
and the winnings can evaporate just as fast as a dream.

Another way to gain immortality is to procreate.

Children to carry on your name and live your life through.

The only problem there is that children can develop a mind of their
own---

one that does not necessarily parallel that of yours.

"Raise up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he
will not

depart from it."

Aah...but you will never grow old, will you, Nicholas?

Always the eternal boy.

Always rebelling.

Always getting hurt as the winds of Life whip about you.

And I, the trunk of your branch, get hurt along with you.

For we **are** one, mon ami.

We are each other..

Past. Present. Future.

We don't need resurrection, Nicholas.

I have you.

You have me.

Forever.

No need to resurrect that which was never lost.

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Fini of monologue

***** I can't stand it. It takes too darn long to transcribe from Wordpad to Text. If you like my stuff and want to read more, go to: :

<http://lavender.fortunecity.com/evildead/879/kyer.html> Its all there.

End
file.